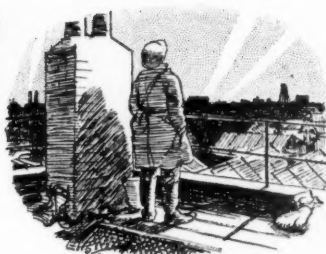


PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCI No. 5250

October 22 1941

Charivaria

THE feeling is growing in Tokyo that perhaps it wasn't worth while not declaring war on China after all.

Nowadays, even GOEBBELS has some difficulty in keeping up with what HITLER says is happening on the Eastern Front.

A member of the Gestapo who released a Belgian he had arrested has now been arrested himself. His superiors suspect fair play.

German troops bathe regularly off the Belgian and French coasts. But they don't venture out too far.



"Italy Feels the Pinch," says a heading. Well, at least Italians know who pinched it.

Herr HITLER has described General ANTONESCU as "a man of honour." In which case the General seems to be in strange company.

When the sudden death of a Berlin citizen was investigated it was found to be due to natural causes. He hadn't contributed enough to the Winter Relief Fund.

"Most wire-walkers and equilibrists are Japanese," says a circus proprietor. It's a national characteristic.



The Star now has its astrological feature. None of the other newspaper astrologers predicted this innovation.

General VON LEEB has the eyes of a snake, we read. It is to MUSSOLINI, of course, that the FUEHRER has given the skin of a rhinoceros.

The New York Herald Tribune reports that Herr HITLER has appointed ALFRED ROSENBERG as Vice Fuehrer of Germanized Russia. His next of kin have been informed.

A Sussex villager has just started smoking cigarettes at the age of ninety-two. Oh well, there would probably have been a shortage anyhow.

Hopeless Quest Corner

"WANTED, for reading and conversation, a teacher of Welsh and Russian, native essential."

Advt. in Suburban Paper.

An essayist mentions the case of an authority on military strategy who is working on munitions. Well they can't all be editors of Sunday newspapers.



Impatience in the Organ-Loft

"Before the service the hon. organist played appropriate music, and also accompanied the hymns."

Devon Paper.

Many soldiers in this country have to have boots specially made for them because of their outside feet. And yet the Army is frequently referred to as the Cinderella of the Services!

Can You Oblige Me?

Mr. LIPSON (Cheltenham, Ind. U.) asked the President of the Board of Trade if he was aware that matches were practically unobtainable by the general public; and would he take steps to increase the supply available.

Captain WATERHOUSE, Parliamentary Secretary, Board of Trade (Leicester S., U.)—The supply of matches is now about half pre-war consumption and production could be materially increased only at the expense of direct war needs. Steps are being taken to produce a mechanical lighter of a suitable and economical type.

WE do well to make light—we do well to remain calm in the midst of our troubles. No "Gallup Survey" (so far as I know) has been undertaken to discover which of our present scarcities causes the most acute irritation among the various "age and sex groups" of the people of this realm. I know well that children need oranges, and that to some people life without lemons is hardly life at all. Few would deny the necessity of beer, and cigarettes especially for the troops, who ought to have them for nothing, but it is hard to be patient about stockings.

Why is it necessary for so many women to sit weeping amongst a pile of derelict dim brown leg-sheaths, providing no warmth, and almost equally composed of artificial silk and home-grown ladders? If they do not like their legs as they are, they can paint them. If they wish to cover them and keep them warm they can knit strong woollen coverings of khaki or navy blue. A single pair should last nearly a life-time. It little fits a race of imperial war-minded Amazons to moan so much about these ephemeral luxuries, whether they be made of wood or worms.

But about matches I do feel concerned. They are needed by all ages and sexes (or almost all ages and sexes) alike. To make them I do not feel that the forests of Europe and America (now denied to us) were felled in vain, nor am I optimistic about substitutes.

Only a few nights ago I was present at a very important conference. When I had felt in all my pockets, and stood up and patted myself, and looked helplessly about the room, the senior fire-watcher held out to me some kind of small gilded instrument with which I fumbled for a while. He took it from me, performed a swift feat of dexterity with his right thumb and caused a flame to appear.

I took the instrument back, held it near the end of my cigarette and the flame went out. With infinite compassion he rekindled it. I tried again. The flame went out once more. After a few further frustrated attempts success did indeed crown our plan. The whole incident occupied no more than four or five minutes, and the confusion it provoked was forgotten almost as soon as I needed another cigarette. The instrument was quite ingenious and based in principle, I believe, on the old flint and tinder apparatus employed by our forefathers, combined with a variation of the bygone lamp-wick and the use of a small reservoir of mineral oil. Wheels, shafts and cranks provided the rest of the mechanism. As in the case of other scientific inventions, continual practice vastly increased the speed of the operations involved, and compared with what is needed for one of the great battles now raging on the Eastern front the expenditure of petrol was almost negligible.

As the evening wore on we were able to discuss the arrangement of fire-squads and the principle of fire-fighting in almost undisturbed calm.

But I prefer matches. Left on a desert island with an automatic lighter, plentiful supplies of flint, wick, oil and tobacco, I should, I think, swim to the battered wreck already being beaten against the coral reefs—swim to it regardless of the perils of the shark-infested sea, and try to find out whether a few match-boxes had not been left accidentally in the hold; and if there were none, returning legless and sad, would try to do my best with a magnifying-glass and the power of the sun.

I have always liked matches. I have known them when they were "vestas"; I have lived in the age of the fusee. I made a habit of collecting empty boxes once (as some people collect china and glass), whether they merely had pictures printed on them or pictures and jokes as well. I always loved matches with red ends better than those which strike only on the box, for the striking surface on the latter kind is apt to deteriorate or to suffer from damp, and there is then no way of igniting the matches except by rubbing two ends sharply together, or drawing one quickly across a window-pane. This method is always successful, but it spoils the window.

It should be noted, I think, by Captain Waterhouse that however efficient the national automatic lighter may prove to be when an adequate number of steps have been taken to simplify its machinery and construct it in sufficient quantities, to control its price, and to furnish its retailers with fuel, spare parts and a knowledge of running repairs, it will remain a bad implement for lighting a pipe and a still worse one for lighting a recalcitrant fire. The way to light a fire that does not want to be lit is to empty a box of matches into it. To empty a case of automatic lighters into it would be surely an extravagance even for a Minister of Supply.

It is a source of some consolation to me in these sad times that my old passion for collecting empty boxes enables me even now with more skill and cunning than most people to collect boxes which are full.

EVOE.

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Lament for a Few Relics

THE slug and the earwig are costly carousers,
But I have an insect more costly than they,
For the worm of the moth has got into my
trousers.

It munches and crunches my trousers away.

Though peppered with mothballs and shot at with
Mausers

And sprinkled with specially chemical spray,
The worm of the moth has got into my trousers
And threatens to chew all my trousers away.

My brother-in-law is the king of the dowisers.

Divining by rod, he gets excellent pay.
But he failed at divining the worm in my trousers,
The sabre-toothed worm that chews trousers away.

My trousers were cut by McInnes and Bowser's

And never were any such cutters as they,
But the worm of the moth has cut into my trousers.
The flowers of my wardrobe are a' wede away.



THE CROUPIER



"No, no live cigarettes—they's only blanks."

MacGrummal Makes the Grade.

MINUTE 1

1st October

To Establishment Officer

TEMPORARY Messenger MacGrummal has completed his probationary period, but I cannot certify that his service has been satisfactory.

I admit that he has shown some resource in the execution of his messengerial duties. To facilitate the transit of correspondence he has knocked a hole in the floor of the messengers' lobby, through which files are expeditiously passed by hand to the floor below.

He has, however, seven times been found fast asleep on his round, last time in the Permanent Secretary's armchair during the latter's absence

at lunch. On being aroused he became abusive, loosening two of Head-messenger Whippet's teeth. At a subsequent interview he threatened even me with physical violence.

Later, having been rung for repeatedly by Miss Gaggelwell, Assistant Secretary, Statistics, he uprooted the bell and flung same at Miss Gaggelwell's head.

I therefore recommend his removal from the messengerial service.

T. CHESNUT

Office Keeper.

MINUTE 2

2nd October

To Mr. Puffin

Clearly MacGrummal is a misfit. His device for accelerating the loss

of files is ingenious, and most of our colleagues would agree that to throw things at Gertie Gaga is good administration.

But as he tends towards general rather than particular assault we must terminate his appointment.

OSBERT DALLY

Establishment Officer.

MINUTE 3

2nd October

To Establishment Officer

Further to my Minute of yesterday I have to report that Miss Gaggelwell precipitately entered Messenger MacGrummal's lobby at 10.35 A.M. to-day in search of a file which he is alleged to have lost.

She observed the hole (as described

in Minute 1) too late to take avoiding action, and passed in part through same. She is now suspended between the fourth and third floors, all efforts to extricate her having proved fruitless.

Messenger MacGrummal has asked me to stress that he resents her presence in his lobby (a) on personal grounds and (b) because it renders impossible the transit of files by his private system.

May I have your instructions please, as a matter of urgency? Miss Gagglew is calling for immediate action.

T. CHESNUT
Office Keeper.

MINUTE 4

2nd October

To Assistant Secretary, Accommodation

I had minuted this file to Mr. Puffin to terminate MacGrummal's appointment when Minute 3 reached me.

It rather alters the case, which should now be handled by you.

OSBERT DALLY
Establishment Officer.

MINUTE 5

2nd October

To Establishment Officer

We must have some more information on which to base an approach to the Board of Construction in this matter, e.g., details as to when the hole was made and whether or not MacGrummal had the authority of the Establishments Section.

A. B. CREAKER
Assistant Secretary, Accommodation.

MINUTE 6

2nd October

To Assistant Secretary, Accommodation

I have now had MacGrummal up for interview.

He states that the hole was completed on 27th ultimo, and I understand that the project was not put before Establishments.

I trust that this information will enable an approach to be made to the Board.

OSBERT DALLY
Establishment Officer.

MINUTE 7

2nd October

To Assistant Secretary, Accommodation

I am adding a note to this file as it passes through the oaf MacGrummal's lobby.

I ask instant action to restore me to my normal place in the office.

I am satisfied that my release is

impossible unless this accursed man-trap is enlarged.

I demand that the necessary work be carried out at once without reference to the Board of Construction.

I take the strongest possible exception to the use of an insulting nickname in Minute 2 and to the generally offensive tone of that Minute.

I intend to make a more energetic protest about this when I am a free agent.

GERTRUDE GAGGLEWELL
Assistant Secretary, Statistics.

MINUTE 8

2nd October

To Director of Accommodation

I assume that we cannot allow Miss Gagglew to remain out of action indefinitely?

I hesitate to move without first laying the facts before the Board of Construction. You may, however, care to risk short-circuiting them.

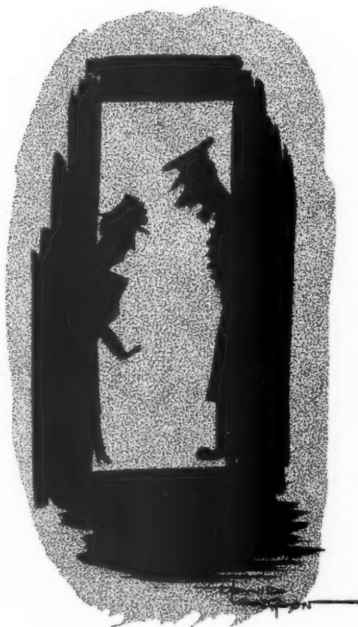
A. B. CREAKER
Assistant Secretary, Accommodation.

MINUTE 9

2nd October

To Assistant Secretary, Accommodation

I have followed the unusual line of contacting the Board of Construction by telephone.



"One hundred and seventy-five steps, lady."

I succeeded with some difficulty in getting their provisional covering authority for

- (i) the original hole as made by MacGrummal, and
- (ii) the enlargement necessary to release Assistant Secretary, Statistics.

I may add that the Board awaits a fuller exposition of the facts. I am not sure whether they want to rap our knuckles for MacGrummal's unauthorized burrowing, or contemplate having his system generally adopted.

At any rate I hope he will be suitably rewarded for his illicit activities.

D. E. FOOTERING
Director of Accommodation.

MINUTE 10

2nd October

To Establishment Officer

You will be interested to learn that Miss Gagglew has now been restored to her office desk, physically little the worse for her misadventure.

You will note that these papers unhappily fell into her hands during her imprisonment, and the fact that her unauthorized perusal of a personal file was a serious breach of discipline will not, I fear, prevent her from following up your Minute 2.

My Director expresses the hope that MacGrummal will be suitably dealt with.

A. B. CREAKER
Assistant Secretary, Accommodation.

MINUTE 11

2nd October

To Mr. Puffin

Much ink has flowed since I wrote you Minute 2, which you have not yet seen and in which I sanctioned the dismissal of Temporary Messenger MacGrummal.

I have now come to the conclusion that my decision was hasty and ill-considered, and am satisfied that MacGrummal is an officer of some character. We should be at fault if we did not retain his services.

As he is clearly fitted for something better than messaging he will be promoted to Temporary Clerk.

Assistant Secretary, Statistics, has recently been crying out for more clerical assistance, and if ex-Messenger MacGrummal is not the man for her, my judgment is not what it ought to be.

OSBERT DALLY
Establishment Officer.

P.S.—I have decided to take my six days' leave forthwith.

Before the Event

"WHY are they having the concerts in this place?" Upfoot asked.

"The other place was bombed," said Cogbottle. "This is all right, more or less. Not too big, and up to a point ventilated."

"And plenty of ways on to the platform," Upfoot observed as five men suddenly appeared and began to assemble the piano.

For a time the whole audience watched the assembling of the piano.

"The old gentleman like Clemenceau," Cogbottle suggested at length, "seems to be hovering about solely in a directive capacity. He hasn't laid a hand on the thing."

"He can't see a vacant space to lay a hand on," said Upfoot.

Besides the old man like Clemenceau there were a swarthy gloomy man in a bowler hat, two undistinguished-looking youths, and a man in a grey coat and black trousers who was now lying on his back on the floor under the keyboard attending to the pedals.

"This is an absolute revelation to me," Upfoot went on. "I always thought of a grand piano as a homogeneous and indivisible whole . . . I suppose in the other place they did it all behind the scenes."

"There was a curtain," said Cogbottle. "This is an apron stage practically. They've never had a curtain here."

"But how long does it go on?" Upfoot asked, gazing with curiosity at the platform, where all five men had now gone into a huddle.

"You never know," Cogbottle said. "You never know."

"I suppose they might find a rat in the works even now," said Upfoot hopefully.

At this point the man in the hat delighted the audience by turning back to the piano and rapidly playing two experimental arpeggios. They seemed not to satisfy him; he tried them again, working the soft pedal energetically.

"Does he look to you like a musical type?" Cogbottle asked.

Upfoot said "Not exactly. Not with his hat on. One of the two—ah—lads round the other side—"

"One of the *what*?"

"I think it might be right to call them lads."

Cogbottle considered. "Oh, well, perhaps," he admitted. "I didn't realize you were using the word deliberately. It's a word of peculiarly limited significance. I used to say that if going to a public school had no other advantage, it at least saved one from ever being a lad. No lad ever went to a public school—not since the 'eighties anyway. Lads either are saved from street-corner crime by the curate's club-room, or they kill each other for love in Shropshire."

"Flashy," Upfoot commented, "but with a grain of truth. What I was going to say was that one of those two lads round the other side looks to me more like a musical type."

"I see what you mean," said Cogbottle. "I know what sort of music too. Popular classics, with a four-to-the-second tremolo on every held note, and someone in the background blowing a water-whistle. Restaurant music."

The people on the platform had begun to disperse. The man in the grey coat first sidled out through the door at the back, and the man with the hat and one of the youths drifted after him. The old gentleman like Clemenceau looked challengingly round, snorted slightly, and stumped off to the left. The other youth had collected an armful of

coats and hats and now staggered off the front of the stage with them, and walked up through the audience to the exit at the top of the hall. A moment or two after he had passed them Upfoot said "On second thoughts . . ."

Cogbottle said "Well, I thought you meant the other one all the time."

The platform was now empty, and stayed empty. The hum of conversation in the audience, which had died down, began to grow again. Cogbottle studied the programme.

"They still go to the same people for their programmes, I see," he observed. "As always—every bit as well printed as a turn-the-handle bus-ticket."

"Robert Benchley had a good line about the pictures in Continental newspapers," said Upfoot, looking at the photograph of the violinist on the cover. "He said they were apparently etched on bread."

"National Wheatmeal in this instance, I think."

"I imagine that would have been taken about 1905," said Upfoot, still looking at the photograph. "Most people seem to have been taken then in pince-nez and herring-bone tweed suits, every speck on which came out as clear as a spider."

"Odd how fashions in photography change. For the last fifteen years nearly everybody has been taken looking warily out of the picture over one shoulder, like a boxer."

"In 1905," said Upfoot, "everyone was taken—"

His voice tailed off as a man in some kind of uniform with a peaked cap strode on to the platform with a violinist's music-stand, and adjusted that. This man then withdrew with a stern expression and the two performers, the pianist and the violinist, came on to the sound of rising applause.

"In 1905—" Upfoot repeated, bellowing absently into Cogbottle's ear.

"Ssh," said Cogbottle. "The entertainment is about to begin."

"For me," Upfoot said, glaring at the newcomers suspiciously, "it's over." R. M.

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"What's in a name? If you asked me to reply to this question as a horticulturist I should do so with a monosyllable—'Everything.'—*Advt. in "The Times."*

Horticulturists speak very quickly, of course.

SIRENS . . .

ONE never knows where the attack will fall, but when it does it is bound to mean that more people need the immediate help of food, clothing, money, hospital treatment and the wherewithal to carry on. *Punch*, through its COMFORTS FUND, endeavours to be a good neighbour to them all.

Will you please help us in the good work? We would be so grateful if you could send a contribution, however small. Donations will be gratefully received and acknowledged by Mr. Punch at PUNCH COMFORTS FUND, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Tanks

THE lane curved through a thick wood. Here and there the trees on one side interlaced their lower branches with those that grew on the other: consequently, even at the expense of a considerable detour, the lane was always avoided by hay-carts.

Here, behind a bend in the road, our platoon lay in ambush, hung about with imitation glass bottles and ready to haul dummy explosives into position.

Botwhistle and I were posted seventy yards ahead as scouts. "This is a tank exercise," I explained to him. "No. 4 Platoon will come down the lane in six tanks. As soon as we see them you've got to run like a hare down that stream-bed. . . ." I waved aside his objection: this was no moment for a discussion on natural history. "Swim like an otter then, if you like," I said. "Anything, so long as you keep hidden and move swiftly. Your job is to warn our fellows of the enemy's advance."

Twenty minutes later six Waltzing Matildas came in sight, with the overhanging branches beating a tattoo on their turrets. Naturally, I made no movement. Botwhistle tugged my arm. "Tanks!" he whispered.

"Yes," I answered, "but the road will be clear again in a minute." "Don't I tell our chaps?" he asked. "Good heavens, no!" I answered. "They aren't interested in tanks." He looked puzzled. "But you said tanks," he said. "Oh, yes," I answered, "but of course No. 4 haven't got real tanks like those. They are coming in cars."

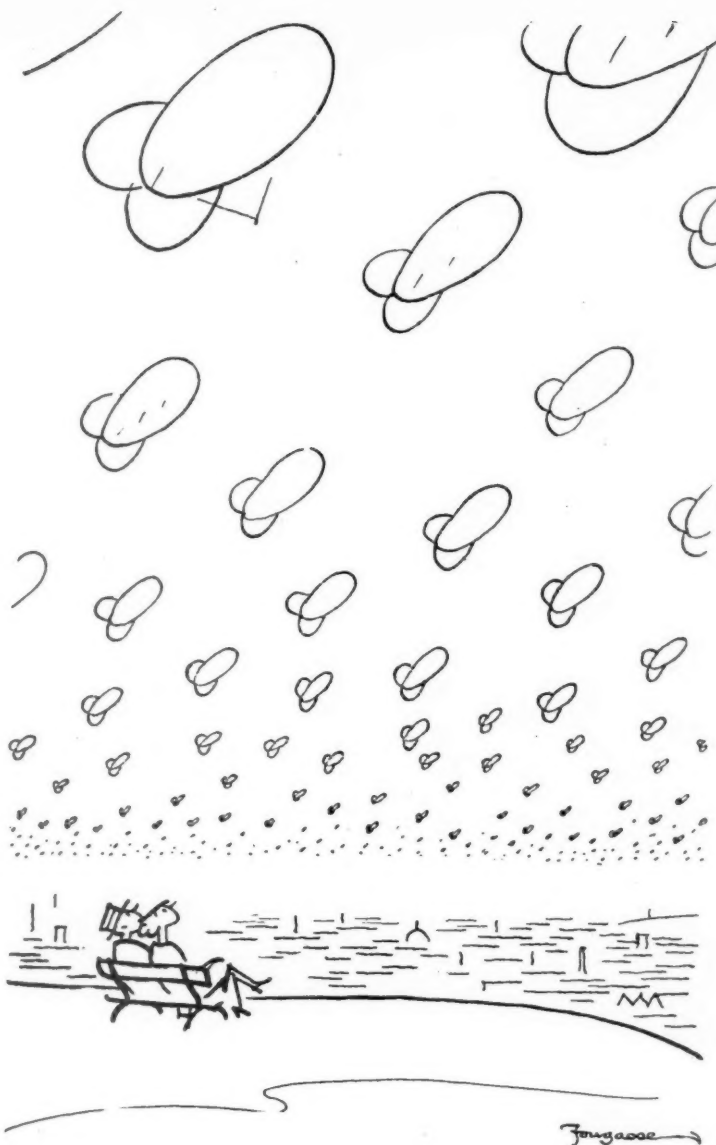
"Oh, ah," said Botwhistle.

Ten minutes later half a dozen cars came along. Botwhistle tugged my sleeve again. "Do I run now?" he asked. "Of course not," I said. "I told you this is a tank exercise—those are only cars." He told me I had said cars. "But of course I did not mean just cars," I said. "In a minute or two you'll see No. 4 in tanks."

"Oh, ah," said Botwhistle.

But I was wrong: no more military columns came down the lane. The time hung heavily and after two hours Botwhistle and I went on a forward patrol. We saw no enemy, but a quarter of a mile up the road we were lucky in the matter of loot. Botwhistle got a number of thin laths which he said would "come in 'andy for kindling," and I secured a great many torn sheets of brown paper which I meant to set aside for Christmas parcels.

We were looking this over and



"What do you mean, 'Look up there'?—I can't see anything out of the ordinary."

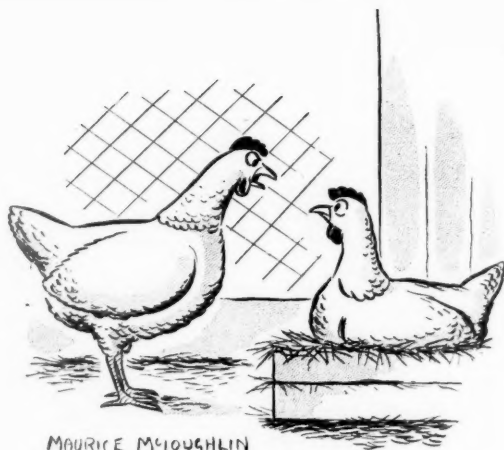
sorting it out when an umpire arrived. "Time you went home," he said. "No. 4 annihilated your ambush two hours ago."

Astonished, we asked how they had reached it.

"In cars," answered the umpire. "There was a bit of trouble about that. Your chaps said it wasn't fair as they had been told to expect tanks; but we had to give No. 4 the verdict, to teach your chaps to look out for

the unexpected. You see, No. 4 had covered their cars with a flimsy superstructure, making them into dummy tanks, but they lost it on the way: the low branches of this lane tore it off."

"Oh," I said, "then you'll have to revise your verdict." Stooping, I picked up some brown paper and a piece of kindling. "The enemy may have destroyed our ambush," I said, "but Botwhistle and I have found and captured their tanks!"



MAURICE M'LOUGHLIN

"There was none of this grading business when I was an egg."

The Great Unshaven

THE majority of Englishmen either shave or do not shave, and of these the majority shave.

I expect this proposition to be accepted as it stands. Most Englishmen shave, a certain number do not shave, but very few, I should have thought, shave on second Thursdays or when the mood strikes them. I may be wrong, but that is what I should have thought.

In the United States of America it is not so. There appears to be, in that great sister democracy across the ocean, a vast floating population of on-and-off shavers, of indeterminate "what about the day after to-morrow" razor wielders, and only a meagre nucleus of men with the courage to determine early in life to be clean-shaven and to stick to it. If there is any lesson to be drawn from this I shall draw it.

An advertisement I was looking at in *Life* (for when I see *Life*, like Sophocles I see it steadily and see it whole) addresses itself particularly to the *one man in seven* who has to shave daily, calling upon this exceptional creature not to overlook the merits of Smootho (it may have been), which needs no brush and brings real shaving comfort into the home. "Modern *Life* now demands at least 1 man in 7 shave *every day*." (The italics are Smootho's.) "This daily shaving often causes razor-scrape." Smootho does away with razor-scrape. "You first wash your face thoroughly with hot water and soap to remove grit and oily sebum that collects on whiskers every twenty-four hours. Then—" and so on.

Now not everything that appears in an advertisement is to be taken *ipso facto* for the unimpeachable truth. But when an American paper reproduces a statement that so many people out of so many do or do not do something or other, one is bound to accept it at its face value. The Americans specialize in this kind of thing. Percentages are meat and drink to them. So that if a man were to stand on the top of the Empire State Building in New York and cry out in a loud voice that one American citizen in six shaves

regularly every twenty-four hours he would run a grave risk of being forcibly contradicted from every window in the top fifty floors for miles around. American Universities have Faculties for the study of tendencies and percentages and the incidence of teeth-cleaning in Wisconsin. Also, there is always Gallup. I Gallup, you Gallup, we Gallup all three.

I therefore accept the statement that one man in seven in the U.S. shaves every day. The remaining six shave either spasmodically or not at all. Taking the population of the country as 120 millions, half of them male, and of these some two-thirds of shaving age, we are forced to the appalling conclusion that upwards of thirty-five million, out of forty-two, have stubbly chins at least every other day. A strange picture this of the land of smooth clothes and shining cars, peopled by a half-savage race peering out furtively from behind a thicket of tangled whiskers. Is this the country with which we propose to enter into a close post-war union of social and cultural co-operation? Is this the arsenal of democracy? We had better think again. They have admired our grit. We must decline to enthuse over their oily sebum.

"For men in responsible positions—doctors, lawyers, businessmen and others who must shave *every day*," the advertisement goes on, "Smootho is invaluable." Even those who do shave regularly do so, you notice, for professional reasons, not from any praiseworthy motives of hygiene or self-respect. Is it the climate? Do beards grow more slowly on the other side? I ask with particular interest because, like many others in this country, I find it necessary to shave twice a day if I am to be respectable in the evening. What would happen to me if I went to the States? I suppose I should go on tour. At the best I should be the '0000001 of a man in four who shaves *twice every day*.

I may not be up to much but I am not '0000001 of a man.

And another thing. I started shaving somewhere round eighteen years of age, so far as I remember, and I limited my operations to once per diem. Now, at about twice that age, I shave twice as often. On this basis I calculate that at seventy-two I shall be shaving after every meal, with a consequent increased danger of razor-scrape. With this in mind it seemed to me a sound proposition to apply for the generous tube of Smootho which the proprietors are prepared to send, ABSOLUTELY FREE—no stamps, no cartons, no dimes. Imagine my feelings when I read at the end of the advertisement the extraordinary words "Offer good in U.S.A. and Canada only."

Is this the spirit of Lease-and-Lend?

H. F. E.

Molesworth of Red Gulch

Contains: Diary of trimps, weeds, tuoughs, coyotes, pintos, sloshes, wams and bonks.

Sept. 12. Mum haf letter with mr trimp (headmasters) weedy scrawl and she sa gosh. molesworth 2 sa splosh tosh posh and get browned off (2 lines copybook i.e. rat a specis of rodent). Mum then announce news St. Cyranes haf been BOMBED cheers cheers we faint with joy. mr trimp mrs trimp and skool pig all safe but luftvaff haf established scendency in the air over mrs trimps pink hat and given it severe hamering hem-hem. molesworth 2 sa how about another ten weeks at the seaside mater and coolect another line (bat: cat: sat: mat). Mum sa she broke as a coot and don't kno what your father will sa. molesworth 2 sa he jolly well does and supply word to

which parot sa amen devoutly. (a roling stone gathers no moss.)

Sept. 13. molesworth 2 sa Ha here for another two months mater and Mum is thortful chiz.

Sept. 15. Blow fall mr trimp write to sa "St. Cyranes carries on." Skool will join another skool i.e. st guthrums chiz chiz chiz. molesworth 2 promptly faint and do not revive until mum rustle toofee papers. Tears now come to mums eyes she sa you're going to leaf me after all. Women. Gosh. Now we haf two headmasters. Am overwhelmed at this thort.

Sept. 20. Begning of term chiz. New skool is dark and weedy place and all boys feeble e.g. they sing 1 2 3 4 5 6 and $\frac{1}{2}$ boomwalla boomwalla geesewalla geesewalla st guthrums hurray and i am amazed. Very tough boy approach and sa uh-huh so youse a dude tenderfoot huh. Very peculiar. Boy then sa he lonehand jack boss of Box-R and molesworth 2 sa if you ask him he nothing but a grate big stiff. Boy produce gat and go weeheee weehee (bulets). he is bats.

Sept. 21. Haf come to conclusion boy must haf been playing cowboys.

Sept. 24. New skool is absolutely weedy it fall to pieces. Drane-pipes crash and tiles drop like leafs. At breakfast mr trimp sa he feel he should bring to mr dashwood (st. guthrums headmaster) that bathroom ceiling coolapsed. mr dashwood roar with larfter and sa he will get the gardner to see what he can do about it. Tuough boy come up to me very mysterious and point out boy in spectacles (swot). He sa beware that guy stranger he comes from the bad lands so i show him fotherington-tomas who zoom by at 90 m.p.h. on fairy-cycle and sa he the ratlesnake, noted bandit. Tuough boy wring hand. (gratitude). Phew.

Sept. 25. Wizard slide down bannisters but unfortunately seem to nock off big wooden ball at the end. Can't stick it back so determin to hide ball.

Sept. 26. fotherington-tomas go hoppity skippity weedily and when he pla in goal at foopball he like to pick pritty grass or read book of Beatiful Thorts. He is a girly. Tuough boy go up to him and sa it ain't healthy for you in these parts ratlesnake you cur and fotherington-tomas sa Kind thorts breed kind words and skip away. Tuough boy plainly puzzled. Wizard arith with mr dashwood 22×2 absolutely pappy easy as pie. No marks as mr dashwood haf mislaid his answer book.

Sept. 28. Fail to do french prep owing to drawing wizard spitfire on blotch so pop up to matron. i sa i am feeling sort of wuzzy. Chiz as it is st. guthrums matron and she is super tough. She slap me on back and i wizz across room bonk. Saved aktuallly becos molesworth 2 appere reeling he sa where am i. Also he crib about being wuzzy chiz as he only do not want his plarstercene leson. Decide to scam and own up about french (honesty is the best poleracy).

Sept. 29. Take wood ball out of locker and hide carefully in rock garden. Chiz as tuough boy appere with ball and sa he kinda fancy it is mine. i sa thanks most awfully and he give record smile chiz. Deaf master now zoom by and admire ball which he sa interesting. Tuough boy leap into air and muck about he sa deaf master is a fine head of steer. He is off his onion.

Sept. 30. All boys highly delited to hear wizard near miss during geom but only bit of gutter which fall into plaground. mr dashwood sa gardner will look after it and jolly funny if it had been in break and hit one of us on the nut.

Oct. 1. Peason haf super new rhyme viz i went to the pictures tomow and took a front seat at the back. Aktuallly it is hol toda owing to spektakles boy (swot) getting skol but tuough boy sa this is only a blind to disguise his

nefarous business. All boys leap into woods and we track swot. He hold heart and sa poetry i.e. she should have died yestureday creeps in the sylable of such a day. Tuough boy about to pump him full of lead when fotherington-tomas appere. Tuough boy ask him is it a four-footer whose tootin but fotherington-tomas only sa boo you sossage and give him great big push.

Oct. 2. Hide ball in woodshed.

Oct. 3. Find ball in locker with note which read Present from box-R. i mean to sa dash it all. 100000000 chizzes.

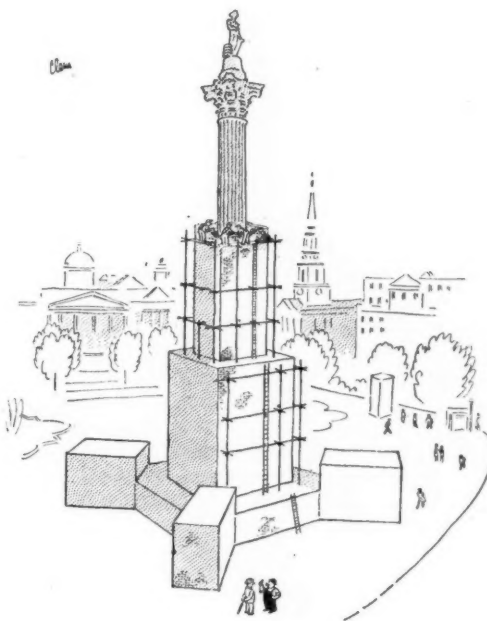
Oct. 4. Big boxing competion and everbode slosh everbode. Skool gardner is referee also flap towels and sponge blud. mr dashwood highly delited he sa straight left sir gad a lilly and drawn blud but mr trimp do not think this make good impreshon on parents. Wizard bun fight after mr trimp hand cakes very perlite he sa do try a pink one. Aktuallly mr dashwood spoil everthing he sa haf a snifter trimp old boy and i kno your missus likes a quiet one occasionally. Large pikture Releaf of ladysmith then crash to ground and gardner is sent for.

Oct. 6. Chiz all is discovered. mr trimp sa any boy who kno anything of ball from bannisters to own up. i am about to pute up hand when tuough boy leap to feet and sa it was him. Highly delited but grate sacrifice i sa please sir it was me. Chiz as noone belive me. Tuough boy is let off and i get conduc mark (untruthfulness).

Oct. 7. molesworth 2 go to matron he sa he haf terrible sore throte and how about a blackcurrent lozenje yum yum. Matron sa no and what about your wire you kno the one that keeps his teeth straight. molesworth 2 sa choke that blatt and rune away. matron very ratty and give record pink powders.

Oct. 8. Hurra for all boys.

the end.



"Of course, this is one of our larger jobs."



"Three farthings for your thoughts, Dolly."

St. Petrock's

ST. Petrock's was a stylish "prep" that everybody knew,
A well-equipped and prosperous concern,
With trim and pleasant playing-fields, where Channel
breezes blew,
And rooms wherein a prince might live and learn.

St. Petrock's had an army of domestic men and maids
To cook and clean, to polish boots and floors,
A laundry of its own, and various artificial aids
Which did away with half the household chores.

St. Petrock's had three matrons and a staff of six to teach;
The latter lived serenely in one wing;
The groundsman's mother cleaned it, there were sitting-
rooms for each,
And bridge and beer and bun-fights were the thing.

* * * * *
You wouldn't know St. Petrock's if you saw the school
to-day,
Twelve miles from any station on the maps.

The football-field is better since they took the sheep away,
But all the desks are tables that collapse.

St. Petrock's has few handmaids, but its boys are fifty
strong;
They make their beds, and clean their shoes, and sweep.
The laundry, like the rest of us, contrives to "rub along";
The hour demands that all should earn their keep.

The matron still surviving rules the rations and the pills;
The teaching staff are three—of sober years—
Who take their cheerful charges cutting wood among the
hills . . .

St. Petrock's is a school for pioneers.

* * * * *

St. Petrock's, to be truthful, had been waited on too much
When war, the curse that cures while it destroys,
Stirred up the sleeping talents and—with Nature's needful
touch—
Made handymen of pampered little boys.



FIRESIDE STRATEGY

The Knowalls. "Why on earth don't we attack every moment on all fronts simultaneously?"

Impressions of Parliament

Business Done

Tuesday, October 14th.—House of Lords: A discussion on Agricultural Wages.

House of Commons: Also a Debate on Agriculture and other Important Things.

Wednesday, October 15th.—House of Commons: Of Wrens—and Grass—and Sausages.

Thursday, October 16th.—House of Commons: The Premier Makes a Promise.

Tuesday, October 14th.—The House of Commons is in one of its refreshingly assertive moods these days. No Minister, however full of prestige, can "get away with" anything that savours at all of flouting Parliament, or even failing to pay full attention to its wishes.

Even Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL himself has to walk carefully when the House is in that mood—not that he would ever attempt to flout or ignore



AUNT SALLY PEAKE

The Under-Secretary to the Home Office assailed from all quarters.

the House in which his whole public life has been served.

But any lesser Minister is either foolish or rash to run counter to the wishes of the High Court of Parliament, for a pretty drastic sentence for contempt of Court follows swiftly. Mr. HERBERT MORRISON, Home Secretary, rather surprisingly left to

his Under-Secretary, Mr. OSBERT PEAKE, the reply to a question about the refusal of the Home Office to permit Mr. JOHN MCGOVERN, Independent Labour Party "Clydesider," to go to Ireland to look into the detention of Mr. CAHIR HEALY, Northern Ireland M.P.

Clearly handicapped by the absence of physical support from his chief, Mr. PEAKE made the official case that such journeys could be permitted only if they were of national importance—an elastic phrase which may mean anything, or nothing much. Members gasped when he added that an application would have to have the support of a Government Department to stand much hope of being granted.

When they got their second wind, Members started up an intensive and strangely assorted barrage. Mr. MAXTON sent over some whizz-bangs, Sir HERBERT WILLIAMS, Truest of True Blue Conservatives, supported him with some awkward queries about the respective rights of the Government and of private M.P.s. Lord WINTER-TON, an old Member with an unshakable belief in the rights and privileges of the House, led the cheers against the Minister who, blushing, took refuge behind a breastwork of more and more official clichés.

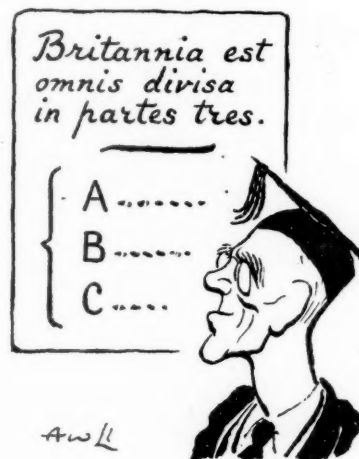
The House liked the incident not at all, and Sir IRVING ALBERY, the very level-headed Conservative Member for Gravesend, was loudly cheered when he gave notice of his intention to raise the matter in debate later.

Mr. CHURCHILL got rather less than his usual cordial reception for an announcement that he would make no statement on the Russian war. This, said he, was a matter for the Russian High Command, whose battle it was.

Even the bait of a secret session (so dear to the hearts of most Ministers and M.P.s) failed to win a promise of a debate. Mr. EMANUEL SHINWELL tried to woo the PREMIER into a more responsive mood, but Mr. ANEURIN BEVAN (presumably in the rôle of the marriage-broker) dashed in with a few over-heated remarks on the subject of Lord HALIFAX—who was reported as saying that we should not attempt any invasion against HITLER for some time—and enabled Mr. CHURCHILL (in a fresh metaphor) to switch on to the loop-line and to end the brief and bitter exchange with a fine show of righteous indignation at the unwarranted assault on a Cabinet colleague.

Mr. SHINWELL turned on his ally a look which *might*—or might not—have been one of intense gratitude. Certainly it was intense.

Mr. WILL THORNE, with the air of a sleuth, asked where our uninvited guest, Herr RUDOLF HESS, is, and what were his rations. To which Captain DAVID MARGESSON, War Minister,



"The country is divided into A, B, C areas."—Lord Snell on the Plans for Civil Defence.

replied in his silkiest tones that it would not be in the public interest to say where HESS was, but that his rations were the same as those of his guards. While Mr. THORNE was trying to work that one out the House passed on to the next question.

A curiously turbulent question-hour thus ended, with the Treasury Bench looking chastened and the rest of the House either sullen or disappointed.

Members of all Parties permitted themselves a momentary armistice from these moods to cheer in unison Sir JOHN ANDERSON, Lord President of the Council, whose engagement had just been announced. Sir JOHN, trying unsuccessfully to wear an expression of official aloofness, had in the end to smile broadly—and blush a rosy red.

The House then resumed its angry mood, and Ministers trooped out, to leave Mr. TOM WILLIAMS in charge of a bad-tempered discussion on amendments to the Agriculture Bill.

This was notable chiefly (indeed, only) because of the fact that it produced one of the war's rare divisions.

Wednesday, October 15th.—Commander Sir ARCHIBALD SOUTHEY showed a great interest to-day in what appeared at first sight to be ornithology. He wanted more jam for the Wrens—lots of it. Then it emerged that it was



"There goes my surtax."

the W.R.N.S. for whom he pleaded. The gallant Commander regularly lectures the W.R.N.S., and evidently likes to keep them sweet.

Sir VICTOR WARRENDER, for the Admiralty, said he'd see what he could do, and Lady ASTOR, thinking a little expert evidence would help, volunteered the information that she ate a great deal more than her husband. She then left her seat and formed a sort of United Kitchen Front with the Commander.

Captain WATERHOUSE, for the Board of Trade, incautiously asked for the names of towns where matches were short, and produced a vocal gazetteer from Members, who shouted in crescendo chorus the names of their own constituencies. The Captain looked abashed, and promised more automatic lighters. Shall we, your scribe wonders, become a nation of Old Bills, striving ever for the elusive spark, as the original Old Bill did in the last war?

Major MONTAGUE LYONS conducted a pincer—and panzer—campaign on behalf of the nation's small shopkeepers. His "enemy" was another Major—GWILYM LLOYD GEORGE of the Food Ministry—and what looked to be a Major war was stopped by the

Speaker—just in time to permit Major LLOYD GEORGE to promise Dr. EDITH SUMMERSKILL that he would investigate the possibility of grass sausages. Wags suggested that these were sausages temporarily parted from their meat.

Some more was said about the members of the Select Committee on National Expenditure who insist on resigning because their proposals were shelved. Finally it was decided that the four resigning members should go on with their jobs—and that the PRIME MINISTER should put right that (what *was* it?—we were never told) about which they complained.

So all's well that ends well.

Thursday, October 16th. — Mr. CHURCHILL metaphorically patted the heads of the four nearly-resigned M.P.s and promised to ask Lord BEAVERBROOK and Colonel MOORE-BRABAZON, past and present Ministers of Aircraft Production, to break a rule and appear before the Select Committee.

Everybody beamed satisfaction, and turned a benevolently blind eye on the PREMIER's consumption of as near an imitation of humble pie as one can expect from the leader of Britain at War.

Holiday Snapshot

NINE of a summer's evening, warm and still,
I stood enchanted on a high Welsh hill.
Not far below me, neat from rock to rock,
Ran a red-haired child in a burnt brown frock.
She was pursuing a difficult hen,
Lately escaped from a wire-patched pen,
Sang, as she ran and jumped different ways,
The turbulent tune of the Marseillaise.
J. G.

"FIVE REASONS WHY NAZIS ARE SLOWING DOWN

By the Military Critic
The German drive has been slowed up."
Daily Paper.

Are the others as good as that?

"Mincing Machine, large size.—Particulars and price to Manager, — Laundry Ltd., S—."—Advt. in Southern Paper.
H'm.

Little Talks

WHAT do you think, Poker?
You're an M.P.

Sorry, I wasn't listening.

How like an M.P.! We were talking about this idea of having an examination for M.P.s—

You mean for parliamentary candidates.

I suppose so, yes. A sort of brains test for politicians.

You don't mean a brains test at all. However, go on.

Well, I mean, governing the people, making the laws, must be about the most important job there is—

No one would think so to hear the way you talk about us—and the laws.

Ah, but it's the way you do it—and the laws you make. After all, before you can do your stuff in any other important profession—

Half a moment! "Profession"? Do you want to have "professional politicians"? I always thought they were such a—

Oh, well, perhaps I used the wrong word.

Perhaps, for once, you didn't. However, continue.

Well, don't you think there's something in it—the test, I mean?

I'm agreeable myself. Provided it's done all round.

"All round"? What d'you mean? The electors.

The electors! But, my dear fellow—

You say, I gather, that Members of Parliament are the most important people there are, and therefore they ought to be more carefully chosen—

I didn't say that. I said they

ought to be better. They're a lot of —

That will do. If they're a lot of — it's obvious that they've not been very "well chosen." Somebody, in short, should have chosen better ones. They didn't choose themselves—

They're choosing themselves now.

I agree. Parliament continually renewing its own life without any provision for the opinion of disgruntled constituents is not a thing I'm entirely happy about. But that's not the point at present. Who chose them the first time, in the distant days of 1935?

Oh, well—I suppose—the electors—in a way.

Why not leave out "I suppose" and "in a way"—also "Oh, well"—and say "the electors"?

Well, because, of course they don't, really. It's all done by selection committees, and all that stuff.

And who selects the selection committees?

They select themselves.

Now, then! Careful! You've withdrawn that once already, you know.

But you know perfectly well what I mean—It's the party caucus and all that nonsense. The ordinary chap hasn't a chance to—

Half a moment! I keep on hearing about these degraded "parties," though I don't belong to one myself. Tell me, what are these "parties" composed of—wild beasts, Huns, alligators, Chinamen—? I mean, who are the members?

Oh, well, I suppose—nominally—the ordinary chap.

The ordinary British elector? Quite.

Well, now we're getting back to the point. According to you, I gather, the ordinary chap is incapable of selecting a good Member of Parliament—or even a good member of a selection committee. And therefore, I suggest—

Ah, but wait a minute, old boy. He may choose the right fellow out of the two or three in the field—

Quite sure?

Well, say he does for the moment.

All right. On the whole I think he does.

But he's given such a limited field. One chap chosen by Party A because he's got lots of money: and another chosen by Party B—

Because he's got none.

If you like. Or because he's been a good Trade Union Secretary or something. But he can't ever—

Which "he" is this?

The ordinary electing chap. He hasn't a chance of choosing anybody out of the ordinary—I mean, a really intelligent, able, honest man outside the ruck of the professional poli—

Here! Hey! I thought you wanted professionals who were properly trained and tested and so forth?

I wish you wouldn't keep catching me up.

I thought that was the point of our argument. However—sorry—go on.

Where was I?

You were saying that the ordinary decent elector had no chance of choosing an extraordinarily decent Member of Parliament.

I absolutely agree. I mean, that's what I was saying. I mean, take a chap like J. B. Priestley—

Certainly. I wish the electors would take him. I've said so several times. But what is there to prevent them?

Well, I mean, he wouldn't have a chance.

Has he ever tried?

I don't think he has.

Have you ever asked him?

No. What d'you mean? Why should I?

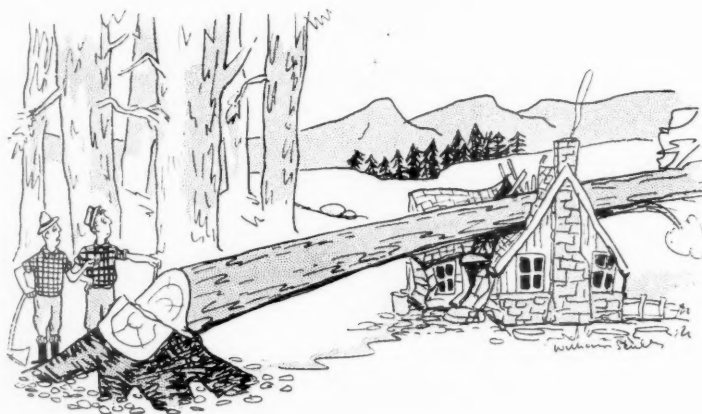
There's a by-election looming, I think, in your constituency?

Yes.

And, as usual, I suppose, you're faced with a frightful choice between one dull official candidate and one freak "independent."

Well, as a matter of fact, that is roughly the position.

Well, as a matter of sense—and honesty, after what you've said—why don't you ask Mr. Priestley to stand as an Independent?



"That's just what I expected."

He wouldn't get in.

That, if I may say so, is not a very courageous or convincing answer. But are you sure? If his following is as large and intelligent as I hear, I should say he'd walk in anywhere. Are the two candidates you've got well-known figures?

No. Nobody's ever heard of them.

Very well, then. Go and ask Mr. Pr—

But he wouldn't stand!

You can hardly be sure of that till you've asked him. He's a very able public-spirited man and a practical speaker. I know he takes a poor view of the politicians. I should have thought he would have jumped at the—

But a man like that would be wasting his time there!

Here! Hey! I thought you said that governing the country and making its laws was the most important job there could be. Is Mr. Churchill wasting his time?

No, of course not. He's different.

How?

Well, I mean—a private Member—

Two years ago Mr. Churchill was a private Member—and had been for many years.

Yes, but I mean, a back-bencher. What can one man do? J. B. would be lost in that crowd of nonentities.

Really? If they're all nonentities I should have thought he would stand out.

Anyhow, he'd never get time to write in that hole.

Have you read "The Life of Marlborough," "The World War," and one or two other leaflets by Mr.—

Really, it's impossible to argue with you!

It's difficult, I agree, if you have a bad case. Let's see what it is. You think Parliament is a most important place, so important that its Members ought to have to pass some sort of examination or test before they're even allowed to present themselves to the electors. (We don't yet know, by the way, what sort of test it is to be, or who is to administer it.)

But—

Silence, absurd elector! You also say that Parliament is such a rotten hole that it would be a waste of time for any really decent chap to enter it.

But that's because of the chaps who are—

I know—I know, old boy—the chaps who are in it now. You also say that for various reasons the intelligent electors are unable to choose better chaps than are in it now—really able, honest, and courageous chaps. But, on examination, you confess that you, for example, have not taken the smallest step to choose a really a., h., and c. chap. Nor, indeed,

have you given the smallest thought to the matter.

Yes, I have. I mentioned J. B.—

Certainly. You mentioned one—exactly one—able, honest and courageous chap. And as to him you said that (a) you had not asked him, (b) he would not stand, (c) he would not get in if he did, and (d) if he did get in he would cut no ice.

But what I meant was—

You've no idea what you meant. When you have thought a little more let us discuss the gay theme again. Mean-

while, I am by no means persuaded by this conversation that an intelligence test for electors is a completely crazy suggestion.

But, old boy—

Farewell.

A. P. H.

More Russian Impressions

"The members of the Mission watched silently as the feet of the three Russian leaders sank deep into the red carpet."

Daily Mail.



"You remember 'ow I taught you percentages?"

"Y—yes, Sergeant."

"Well, teach 'em me back again."

Chibfield's Fifth Column



WHEN Sergeant Chibfield had marched the chosen members of his platoon to a part of the field where not a hedge or a tree or a rabbit-hole could give cover to an eavesdropper he gathered them around and addressed them in whispers.

"What I'm going to tell you now is secret and there's got to be no talking about it when you get back to the 'uts. You know the Army manoeuvres what's coming orf next week? Well, the battalion 'as been detailed to provide ten fifth-columnists to operate at Blue Force 'Eadquarters over at 'Empston, and because of 'ow well we did in the competitions they're to come out of this platoon. That's what I've picked you for.

"You'll be issued with civilian clothes, and lodgings will be found for you in the town. You'll be there the 'ole week, and what you've got to do is to mix with the troops and pick up military information about these 'ere manoeuvres. Also, you will be issued with dummy bombs to leave 'ere and there to show you've blown places up. You'll 'ave false identity cards what'll get you run in if the troops are sharp enough, but if that 'appens we'll get you out after the show is over.

"I'll see you all every day and you can report to me what you've found out. I've got it all worked out. I'm going to be a doctor—there's a bowler 'at amongst the clothes—and you'll all be patients—light-duty cases, as it might be. Being as you're all favourite patients of mine, I walk round every day to find you in the town to save you the trouble of reporting sick. So when I see you I'll say, according as it might be, 'Ullo, Mr. 'Enshaw, and 'ow's your pore neck this morning?' and you'll 'ave to show me your neck and then I'll write out your certificate. That'll put orf anyone what 'as suspicions. Then we'll get a chance to talk and you can let me 'ave your report.

"You're going to be a commercial traveller, Private Goodspeed. I've got a bag ready with all the samples—chocolate and 'air-nets and bits of china. Your job'll be to 'ang about the bars listening to the conversation of the troops."

"Will there be any expenses attaching to this?" asked Private Goodspeed anxiously. "Commercials 'ave the reputation of being open-'anded with the beer."

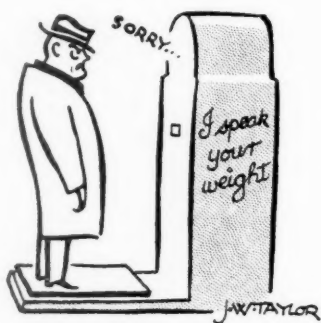
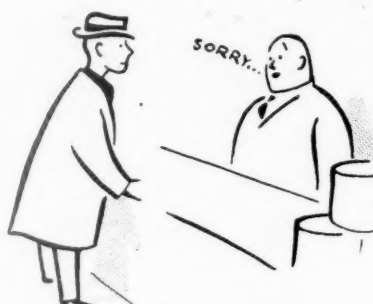
"No," said Sergeant Chibfield, "but I've thought of a way round that. It all ties up. This rheumatism what I'm coming to see you about every day has knocked you orf the beer, so you'll just sit about the bar sipping lemonade. There won't be no temptation to spend much on that. Then you want to give it out that you're 'ot against soldiers drinking beer while training, so it won't look odd you never standing them one. After that all you'll 'ave to do will be to sit about and listen. Of course you'll 'ave to pretend to limp to show you've got rheumatism."

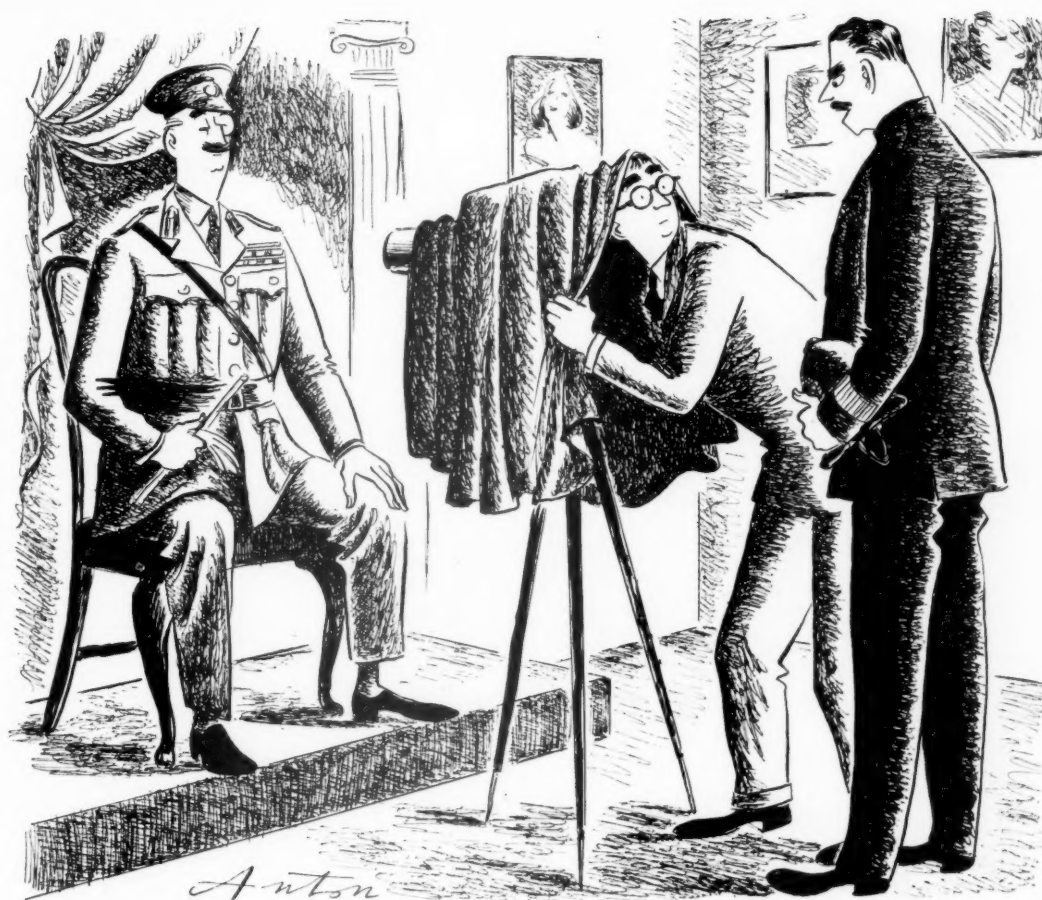
"I won't 'ave to pretend to limp after I've told the troops I don't 'old with them drinking beer," prophesied Private Goodspeed gloomily, "and what I listen to won't 'elp the manoeuvres much."

"Don't start making difficulties," said Sergeant Chibfield. "Maybe you can think of a better way. I've got you down, Truscott, for mixing with the officers. You've done a bit of waiting in the officers' mess, so you know their 'abits and ways better than the rest. You'll 'ave a room at the White 'Art. You'll say you're the 'ead of a big insurance company—I've got a nice book for you. What I thought was, to make it realistic, when I come round to see about your nasty corf I can pay you my week's insurance money at the same time, in the lounge or one of the bars where they can all see, and you can write it down in your book. It'll 'ave to be rather a lot—about five bob at least, I suppose—but you can give it back to me as soon as we get outside. Or maybe it'll be better for you to give it back to me right away for my doctoring. We can talk a bit loud so as they can tell what's 'appening.

"What you'll 'ave to do will be to 'ang about the 'all getting talking to the officers. There's a general staying there, and when you've got yourself known, and they've all got used to you always 'anding out leaflets about this insurance company of yours what you're so keen on, you want to get 'old of this 'ere general and give 'im a packet of leaflets ready done up for all 'is troops. Taking you for a civilian, 'e'll think you don't know no better, and when 'e gets it upstairs it'll be a dummy bomb.

"You'll be an architect, Corporal Blayton, what's come to 'Empston to think out a new kind of Army 'ut. That'll give you an excuse to talk to





"Have you a permit for taking photographs of objects of military importance?"

the lads about where they're quartered. You'll 'ave a tape-measure and you'll 'ave to go about measuring 'ouses and churches and such what are supposed to 'ave took your fancy."

"But architects don't as a rule go about the street measuring houses and churches," objected Corporal Blayton.

"Of course they do," said Sergeant Chibfield. "They 'ave to be measuring all the time. 'Ow else do you think they get into the way of getting the floors level? Anyway, my lad, if you think you know more about architects than me you'd better just say so."

"Well, as a matter of fact, I am an architect," said Corporal Blayton.

"Don't that just prove it?" said Sergeant Chibfield. "Ere's you 'aving been an architect all this time and

none of us knowing it because you don't show it. This time we want everyone to know you're an architect, so you'll go about measuring as instructed. And if you ever 'ave to go back to civilian life you'll find it's not a bad tip to remember. I expect you've lost a lot of good jobs in your time through not showing yourself.

"I've got all the particulars 'ere for the rest of you, and when you've studied them we'll work out more of the details together. What may come 'ardest is studying 'ow civilians be 'ave, so as not to give yourselves away. Like as an example, when Truscott 'ere is sitting in the lounge of the White 'Art 'e'll 'ave to remember to take 'is 'at orf to all the ladies that come in. And Goodspeed 'll 'ave to open out 'is samples every now and then to count them. It's touches like that that'll

make it seem realistic. And don't you go and forget that there tape-measure, Corporal Blayton." A. M. C.

Coupon-Free

ON a bench in Battersea Park I sat
And studied the Trend of the
Female Hat.

Many remarkable thoughts thought I
As I gazed amazed at the passers-by—

Many remarkable thoughts, and yet
There ran through them all the one
regret:

However uncanny a hat may be,
However absurd, it is coupon-free.
A. W. B.



"That was extremely well played, Symington. Before long we shall have to consider you for 'To-night's Announcements'."

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Czech Tragedy

ALTHOUGH one naturally likes one's indictments of the New Order put forward with a certain precision, there are some aspects of HITLER's Europe best presented as fiction. In extolling Mr. MAURICE HINDUS's touching panorama of life in the Czech peasant republic—life in its prime, in its betrayal, in its sufferings and in its dawning resurrection—M. JAN MASARYK, son of the republic's founder, vouches for substantial vividness and accuracy. The novel's hero is the only German lad in a Moravian village. Its heroine is the mayor's daughter. *Jozhka* goes to Carlsbad for a cure and comes back a Quisling. *Annicka* marries him to save him from himself and Nazism—and her people from both. The tragedy of her effort—hopeless from the first and sanctioned only by the credulity of passion—is the core of a great national romance embodied in a small community which only asks to be left in domestic, cultural and religious peace. The book is not a tract. The peasants of Liptowitz live and die with Slavonic energy and exaltation. They wanted, they say, *To Sing With the Angels* (COLLINS, 9/6). They are condemned "to howl with the wolves." But there is singing in the air before the book closes.

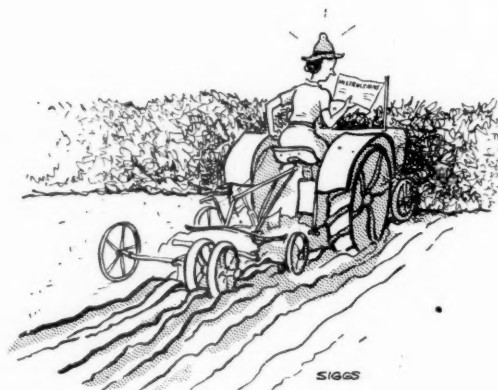
Sun—and Wind

The Sun is My Undoing, by MARGUERITE STEEN (COLLINS, 10/6), would make an admirable film. There is Bristol in the eighteenth century, the great slave-trading centre with its contrast of mercantile greed and cunning and the wild life of its seamen; there are the horrors of the Middle Passage, with a good deal about the Gold Coast at one end of the passage and a good deal about Cuba at the

other; there are quiet English uplands and stately English girls; there is a beautiful untamed negress and her daughter by *Matthew Flood*, the chief male character; there are fights and foreign dungeons; there is an interlude in Spain, and a sprinkling of Spanish words throughout; and, not to go on for ever, there is everything that a film needs in the way of scenic variety, contrasting types, blood and passion and the pride of life, tears and frustration, and peace at eventide. For some people an hour and a half of this kind of thing, when made more or less actual on the screen, is about as much as they require. But, as *Gone With the Wind* showed, there is a very large public which likes an entertainment of this sort to be diluted through many hundreds of pages of reading matter. The publishers claim that *The Sun is My Undoing* is one of the greatest novels of the year. It must at any rate be one of the longest. Not only does Miss STEEN omit nothing, but she puts in most things several times. The reader can therefore be fairly certain of missing nothing essential, however dreamily he or she floats down the current of the narrative. Nor is there anything in Miss STEEN's style to shock the reader's mind into activity. Familiar phrases abound throughout—"Like a man in a dream," "Acting for the best," "She sang like a lark," "A very angel," and so on. However, not to close on too churlish a note, these are trying times; it is pleasant to lose oneself, and Miss STEEN has provided a vast area to do it in.

Pitch o' the Horn

"The pitch o' the Horn," "Cape Stiff," "the Rammerees," terms which for centuries were part of the current coin of seamen's speech, probably mean very little—thanks to the opening of the Panama route—to the average seafarer of to-day. Just what they did mean to bygone generations of sailormen is told by Captain FELIX RIESENBERG in his book *Cape Horn* (ROBERT HALE, 18/-), in which is traced the eventful story of the famous headland and its neighbouring coasts and islands since its first appearance on the page of recorded history. From MAGELLAN himself down to Captain RICHARD QUICK of the *Edward Sewall*, who in 1914 spent sixty-seven days beating round against the westerlies, follow in procession circumnavigators, ships of war, buccaneers, East Indiamen, clipper ships and the last Cape Horners of the nineteenth century; and of all, Captain RIESENBERG has something interesting and often



"Once having put our hands to the plough there can be no turning back."



THE USES OF A ZEPPELIN

SOCIAL BARRIERS BROKEN DOWN

E. H. Shepard, October 27th, 1915

something new to tell. Not the least remarkable of his chapters deals with the theory of a vanished island visited by DRAKE and named Elizabeth Island—a name regarded by most writers on the subject as synonymous with the present Horn Island; and the tragedy of the lost native races of Tierra del Fuego, “authentic stone-age people,” as Captain RIESENBERG terms them, is also fully told. The author is himself a sailor of the brotherhood of Cape Stiff; and his experience and his historical researches have combined to produce a fitting memorial of the world’s sternest school of seamen.

In a Good Old Age

There is perhaps impertinence in reading biography—or worse still autobiography—into a book appearing, as *Brave Old Woman* (MICHAEL JOSEPH, 8/6) does, save for a

dedicatory hint, in the guise of fiction. Miss ELEANOR FARJEON has, however, made her heroine *Tudsy Treumann* so lifelike in her courage and commonsense and also in her effusiveness, her shrill voice and her fondness for second-rate catch-words, that it is impossible not to believe that she has been studied from a model. Her story is the very ordinary one of the faithful daughter sacrificed to her family and hardly knowing—certainly never deploring—it. *Tudsy* meets many interesting people and wins the friendship and consideration that she deserves in many quarters, and she is brave from the little girlhood of the first chapters to the old age of the last. Unfortunately the whole history of a long life compressed into the pages of a novel must mean a hurried tempo here and there, though the many death-beds inevitable in such a history are much stressed; but it is a lovable book about a lovable character and a portrait of a good old age in the fullest sense of the words.

Our War-Time Query Corner

Ask Evangeline!

Q. My husband, a retired pianotuner, has become very despondent now that the petrol rationing obliges us to lay up the car and we are unable to make those little picnic excursions which gave him such enjoyment formerly. Could you suggest anything that would keep his mind off things, as he has begun playing and singing the "Internationale"? We are not rich but we have always voted Conservative.

D. O. T. BLENKINSOP (Mrs.).

A. It is the anticipatory state that is of most importance in any pleasure. The main thing then is to get your husband into the habit of *feeling he is about to make an excursion*. Talk and behave occasionally as though you were on the point of taking a holiday, pack carefully, order a taxi and drive to the station. After an hour or so of queueing at ticket offices, scrambling up and down subways, attempted snacks in refreshment rooms, etc., we guarantee that you will return home feeling precisely as though returning from a week's visit to Margate. As to actual picnics, great fun may be had by packing a luncheon hamper and going for a good walk round the ground floor and upper floors of your own house, ending in the attic or boxroom where the hamper is unpacked and some space cleared amongst the lumber so that a cloth may be laid. I know one family that habitually picnics in its box-room since the rise in railway fares. Alternately, if you wish rather

particularly to make use of your car, you might take luncheon basket, rugs, binoculars, etc., into the garage, get into the car and remain there for an hour or two, sounding the horn from time to time to give an illusion of reality to your drive.

For the singing and playing, our advice is: Pretend to take no notice. When other things are set right, you will probably find that this also disappears.

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Q. Many people in my home town (Chipping Todecastle) are of the opinion that the war will last between forty and fifty years. Can you tell me whether one would keep one's evacuees for the whole of this period, or whether they become eligible for re-urbanization on reaching the age of, say, sixteen or seventeen? My lease terminates in 1977.

FOSTER-MOTHER OF FIVE.

A. You are liable to fine or even imprisonment if your evacuees leave you *not of their own free will*. It would always be possible to have extensions and annexes built on to house the new generations of evacuees as your present ones marry, etc., and acquire families of their own.

N.B.—You cannot be turned out of your house in war-time even if the lease is up.

* * * *

Q. Would you please tell me what fancy dress I should wear at a dance in

aid of wash-bowls and showers for a Rest Centre? No new material is to be bought. My colouring is nondescript, height 6 ft. 3 ins., and I am the breezy outdoor type.

MISS TWENTY-FIVE.

A. It sounds as though a Wind costume is indicated, or else, considering the object for which the dance is promoted, a Water Nymph or Undine ensemble. The Water Nymph wears a long, very simple frock of soft seaweed, watered freshly before wearing, with a fillet of Blue Point oysters encircling the head. (For these, during war-time, a single whiting with tail in mouth, or a chain of whitebait threaded on strong cotton, may be substituted.) A chic little Wind costume that would be popular with the forces may be contrived by stringing together a quantity of rushes and sewing firmly to neck and waist bands. Underneath is concealed a small electric fan, with battery, which keeps the rushes in motion. On the other hand, your height suggests that a Maypole or Stirrup-pump costume might be rather delightful. Why not obtain our Kosee Costume Supplement, a portfolio of commonsense designs avoiding anything at all outré or bizarre, in which this week's free gift is a Stirrup-pump paper pattern for the Taller Woman?

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Q. My sisters and I have dug for victory ever since the Government first asked us to, and we have grown a good many quite nice little vegetables. Now that the autumn is here, however, there does not seem to be anything to do in the garden, and we miss the exercise very much. What can one do in gardens during the autumn months?

SUBURBAN THREE.

A. It depends largely upon the size of the garden and the agility of the gardener. You do not give your own and sisters' ages, otherwise we might suggest a trapeze. This would undoubtedly prove of great benefit for, like swimming, it brings every known muscle into play. If, on the other hand, it was purely horticultural activities you had in mind, we should say that October is principally a time for tidying up in the garden. Take a pair of sharp scissors and snip off leaves from those trees which are in process of shedding them. There is nothing to be gained by waiting until Mother Nature,



"Hi! Taxi!"



TAKE YOUR SEATS FOR LUNCH

often a somewhat tardy customer, chooses to complete the job herself. Another admirable day's work in the garden is to be found in washing, leaf by leaf, the foliage of the rhododendron bushes. Use a soft flannel and soap, not a loofah. Most suburban gardens are pretty well stocked with large and hardy evergreens, and a good deal of healthful exercise may be had by digging out these and transferring them from one place to another; though July and August are the months most favourable for this operation as a reducing activity.

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Q. There has been a bit of unpleasantness in our house since they put in one of those Morrison dinner-table arrangements, as Mother, not being as young as she was, found it a strain on her rheumatism getting in and out, and now she has gone in and can't be got out at all. She has gone in for the duration, she says. It makes it very awkward, as the neighbours are beginning to talk and are passing remarks. Also, when at meals, Mother complains that we step on her fingers, which is a bit hard to avoid, as we have to put our feet somewhere. What would you do if you was us?

GEO. BELWEIGHT AND FAMILY.

A. There is nothing to worry about. This is a very common instance of reversion to type. Mrs. Belweight is simply reliving the primeval home-life of her troglodyte ancestors. Far better this than that she should have hit upon a tree-dwelling epoch, when you might have had her swarming up the cables of barrage balloons or

hanging by her toes from electric pylons. If she is happy *in camera*, why not leave her to it and explain to the neighbours quite frankly how things stand? You can always change into bedroom slippers for meals.

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Q. Could you suggest an effective colour scheme for an Anderson shelter facing east? The colours I am keen on are shrimp-pink and crushed raspberry, but I do not know how to mix them successfully.

GERTRUDE MOLTON-BAGGS (Miss).

A. To begin with, I question the advisability of mixing shrimp and crushed raspberry at all. Then you do not make it clear as to whether it is interior or exterior decoration you are thinking of. If the former, I should fancy pale sandbag beige distemper with rich shrimp effects in bunk-work and rugs; or else warden's handbell fawn flooring, relieved by touches of raspberry in gas-mask containers and hangings generally. If, on the other hand, you were thinking of exteriors, I would like to see the crushed raspberry motif in the form of zinnias alternated with red cabbage over the entire arch of your shelter. As the shelter faces east, this should provide some rather lovely effects when you emerge above ground at dawn, besides acting as an excellent camouflage.

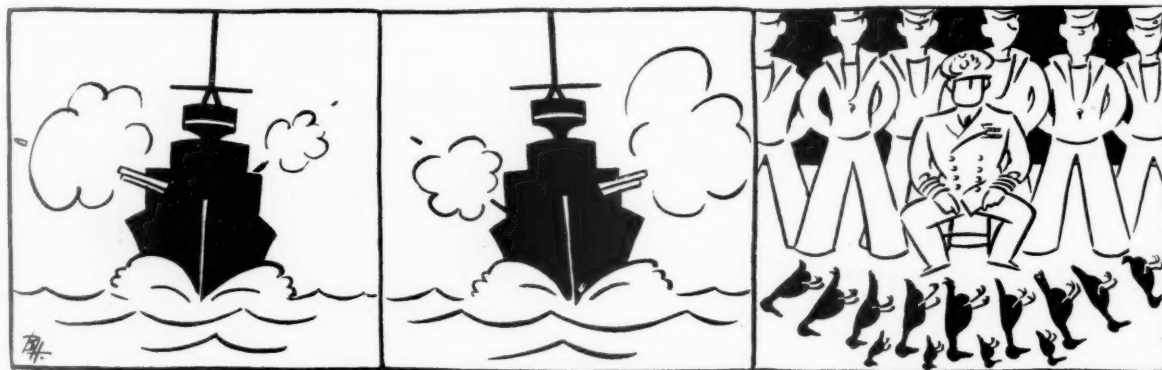
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Q. Whenever the siren sounds I take Auntie, aged ninety, into our cellar refuge room. Of recent weeks she has been very fidgety during an alert, as she has a horror of strangers coming into the house, without our

knowing it, to deal with incendiary bombs. She keeps her will, the deeds of the family grave, and other documents in a strong box in the refuge room, but we have a good deal of Goss china about the house, including miniature meat plates fixed on the walls of the upper landing, and Auntie cannot get out of her head the idea that fire-parties enter mainly for the purpose of pilfering. Is there any apparatus we could fix up which would ring an alarm in the cellarage as soon as an incendiary pierced the false roof? In this way we could keep some check on the actions of any strangers who might have to make an entry.

GLADYS ENTWISTLE (Miss).

A. What you need is an Indicating Doormat. This is an alarm footmat for registering the number of persons entering a room or house. Take up the bricks in the middle of your vestibule, dig out a rectangle about a foot deep, and arrange below floor-level a series of tin objects, precariously grouped, fragments of broken glass and pottery, and whatever else you can think of that is likely to produce noise when stepped on without warning. Now arrange your doormat carefully over the aperture. Should you hear during an alert a *single* crash, it might mean a warden throwing himself down to avoid blast or a tomat on the loose investigating empty milk bottles, but if a series of repeated crashes, you could be pretty sure that a number of persons were entering the house for rescue or fire-fighting purposes, and could begin at once checking up on their movements. Personally we think your aunt is worrying needlessly.



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